Bero. My hat to a halfe-pennie, *Pompey* prooues the best Worthie.

Enter Curate for Alexander.

Curat. When in the World I liud, I was the Worldes commander:
By East, West, North, and South, I spred my conquering might:
My Scutchion plaine declares that I am Alisander. (right.

Boyet. Your Nose saies no, you are not: for it stands too

Be. Your nose smels no in his most tender smelling knight.

Qu. The conqueror is dismaid: proceed good *Alexander.*

Cura. When in the worlde I liued, I was the worldes commander.

Boy. Most true, tis right: you were so *Alisander.*

Bero. Pompey the great.

Clow. Your seruant and *Costard.*

Bero. Take away the Conqueronr, take away *Alisander.*

Clow. O sir, you haue ouerthrowne *Alisander* the Conquerour: you will be scrapt out of the painted cloth for this. Your Lion that holdes his Polax sitting on a close stoole, will be geuen to *Aiax.* He wilbe the ninth Worthie: a Conquerour, and a feard to speake? Run away for shame *Alisander.* There ant shall please you a foolish mylde man, an honest man; looke you, and soone dasht. He is a marueylous good neighbour fayth, and a very good Bowler: but for *Alisander,* alas you see how tis a little oreparted, but there are Worthies a comming will speake their minde in some other sort. *Exit Curat.*

Quee. Stand aside good *Pompey.*

Enter Pedant for Iudas, and the Boy for Hercules.

Peda. Great Hercules *is presented by this Impe,*
Whose Clubb kilde Cerberus *that three headed* Canus,
And when he was a babe, a childe, a shrimpe,
Thus did he strangle Serpents in his Manus,
Quoniam, *he seemeth in minoritie,*
Ergo, *I come with this Appologie.*
Keepe some state in thy exit, and vanish. *Exit* Boy.
Peda. Iudas *I am.*

Dum.

Dum. A Iudas.

Pedan. Not Iscariot sir.

Iudas *I am, ecliped* Machabeus.

Dum. Iudas Machabeus *clipt, is plaine* Iudas.

Bero. A kissing traytour. How art thou proud *Iudas?*

Peda. Iudas I am.

Duma. The more shame for you *Iudas.*

Peda. What meane you sir?

Boyet. To make *Iudas* hang him selfe.

Pedan. Begin sir, you are my elder.

Bero. Well folowed, *Iudas* was hanged on an Elder.

Pedan. I will not be put out of countenance.

Bero. Because thou hast no face.

Pedan. What is this?

Boyet. A Cytterne head.

Duma. The head of a Bodkin.

Bero. A deaths face in a Ring.

Long. The face of an olde Roman coyne, scarce seene.

Boyet. The pummel of *Cæsars* Fauchion.

Duma. The carud-bone face on a Flaske.

Bero. Saint *Georges* halfe cheeke in a Brooch.

Duma. I and in a Brooch of Lead.

Bero. I and worne in the cappe of a Tooth-drawer: And now forward, for we haue put thee in countenance.

Peda. You haue put me out of countenance.

Bero. False, we haue giuen thee faces.

Peda. But you haue outfaste them all.

Bero. And thou weart a Lyon, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore as he is, an Asse, let him go: And so adue sweete *Iude.* Nay, Why dost thou stay?

Duma. For the latter ende of his name.

Bero. For the *Asse* to the *Iude:* giue it him. *Iudas* away.

Pedan. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Mounsier *Iudas,* it growes darke, he may stumble.

Quee. Alas poore *Machabeus,* how hath he bin bayted.